

HE PLAYED BURGLAR

BUT HE DID IT INNOCENTLY AND DID IT ARTISTICALLY AS WELL.

The Plausible Scheme by Which a Safe Expert Was Fooled and Used by a Trio of Notorious Cracksmen to Get at Their Plunder.

To the man whose shingle bears the inscription "Safe Expert" and whose little shop, not far from the great dry goods district, contains a full assortment of implements for the forcible opening of safes, the writer said, "Would you be well qualified to play the burglar?"

"Yes," said the little keen eyed man, running his fingers through his scant hair reflectively. "I once did play burglar. In fact, I played the star role in a safe cracking enterprise. I was the innocent means by which a whole-sale house was robbed of several thousand dollars which had been taken in too late in the day to be banked."

"I was in business then in another city. I was sitting smoking at my shop door about 8 o'clock one evening when a messenger boy came with a note on the letter paper of a well known house asking me to come at once with my tools to the office of the firm."

"The office was lighted up, and a portly, prosperous looking man sat at a roll top desk, while two clerks, perched on stools, were working at some books."

"I am Mr. —," said the portly one, giving the name of the head of the firm. "Something has gone wrong with the safe, and I want you to open it. The combination is 6-27-45, but something must have broken inside, for it won't open, and we have got to get some books out of the safe tonight."

"As I tried the combination which the man had given me he explained that he had locked the safe when he went out to dinner and was unable to open it when he came back."

"It was one of those 'alum' filled safes, and I suspected rust had done its work inside."

"Nothing to do but drill it open," said I.

"Go ahead," said the portly one, "and don't keep me here any longer than you can help."

"With that he turned to his desk, and I worked away unsuspiciously. There was dead silence except when the man at the desk spoke to one or the other of the clerks about some account, and the trend of the policeman on that beat could be heard as he passed the office."

"I did not realize until afterward that I was working out of view of the passing policeman, for the safe was behind the bookkeeper's desk, but the shades were up and the man at the roll top desk and the bookkeepers could be plainly seen from the street."

"I got out my bits, adjusted the brace, and soon steel was biting steel, but the sound of the ratchet was drowned by the click of the typewriter, for the portly party began dictating to one of the clerks as soon as I began drilling the safe. When I thought it all over afterward, it occurred to me that this was to cover the sound of my operations."

"In half an hour I had a hole in the front of the safe, and a little manipulation got the tumblers into place, and the door swung open."

"Here you are, sir," said I, and the portly man came around to the safe.

"Very neatly done," he said. "You'd make a good burglar."

"But the sound of the ratchet would bring the 'cops,'" said I.

"True," remarked the man, and, drawing out a roll of bills, he handed me \$20.

"Is that right?" he asked.

"Quite right," I replied. "Shall I come in the morning to fix the safe?"

"No," said he, "I will have the makers of the safe attend to it."

"As I gathered up my tools the portly man directed one of the clerks to get out the books that were needed, and he went back to the desk."

"I trundled back to my shop, meeting the policeman at the corner, and while I was standing chatting with him the trio came out of the office."

"You can come down an hour later than usual in the morning," said the portly man as he climbed into a hansom that had rolled up to the office."

"I was waiting for the hansom to be known club to the driver, he pulled the doors to and was driven away."

"Before noon the next day the policeman whom I had talked with and a detective came into my shop."

"That was a neat job you did last night," said the policeman.

"What?" I asked, the nature of the work I had done not yet dawning on me.

"The looting of —'s safe," said the policeman. "Come along."

"The portly person who employed me to open the safe was a well known burglar who had 'made up' to impersonate the head of the firm, and the two clerks were confederates, one of whom had got a place with the firm to get the lay of the land."

"They had taken possession of the office after it was closed for the day, and, not daring to blow open the safe, because that would have made the police swoop down on them, they had boldly sent me to 'do the job,' neatly possessed themselves of nearly \$4,000 that was in the safe and were across the Canadian border before the robbery was discovered when the office was open the next day."

"I told my story to the magistrate and was released on bonds to appear as a witness when the trio were caught."

"The papers called me 'the innocent burglar,' the name stuck to me and hurt my business, and the police were rather attentive to me, so I came here some years ago."—New York Times.

SHE GOT A SEAT.

But Not Through the Instrumentality She Had Invoked.

Humor does not abound in the vigorous atmosphere of the London two-penny tube between 7 and 8 p. m.; therefore the passengers jammed up near the fat, irate woman one evening last week greatly enjoyed the following:

"Thomas (this very loudly while jogging a mild little husband as they both swayed, clutching the leather loops overhead), get a seat for me, I tell yer."

Conciliatory whispers came from the mild man, who glanced timidly at the passengers his wife was pushing against.

Then: "Nonsense! Yer could find me a seat easy enough if yer wanted to."

More agonized whispers from the husband and more loud demands from the wife. There was great local relief when an irreproachably dressed young man politely gave up his seat.

As the woman dropped heavily into it she beamed on him with "Any one can see you're not my 'usband, sir."—Manchester (England) Guardian.

The Boethick Indians.

The Boethick Indians of Newfoundland, at one time the aboriginal inhabitants of the island, can now only be counted by one or two skeletons and a few skulls, so completely have they been swept away. The French employed the Mic Mac Indians of Nova Scotia to fight against and exterminate them.

The Boethicks were a peaceable and quiet race, given to hunting and fishing. They used canoes made of birch bark and of skins of deer, like the Eskimo kayak. They had no pottery and used utensils of birch bark sewed together, but they employed soapstone dishes as lamps, their form being similar to those among the Eskimos at the present day.

They carved deer and walrus horns and the bones of the seal into ornaments, which they wore on their dresses, and ornamented their heads with combs. The carvings are in triangular patterns, and out of the large collections in the museum at St. John's there are no two ornaments having the same pattern. Their stone implements were more rudely constructed than those of the western Indians.

Pat and the Jockey.

Pat went to a race course the other day and fell in with a number of sporting friends who were betting on the races. He was urged to bet, but steadfastly refused until he saw two of his friends win a large sum on one of the races. Finally, after much urging, he put half a crown on a horse, from which moment he became deeply interested.

As the horses came past the judge's box Pat's fingers clutched the back of the seat and his eyes were wide with excitement. The horse on which he had bet finished sixth. Without a word, but with a look of deep disgust, he got up and hurried down to the paddock where the jockeys were. Calling the youngster who had ridden that particular horse aside, Pat inquired in deeply injured tones:

"In hivin's name, young man, phwat detained you?"—London Chronicle.

Snake Bite and Whisky.

There is not on record an authenticated case of snake bite cured by whisky. Plenty of individuals bitten while under the influence of liquor have died, and large amounts of alcohol have failed to save life in many cases. Only about one in six of those bitten by venomous snakes dies. The remaining five are cured by anything they happen to have taken. Stimulation is excellent, but the giving of whisky to drunkenness by lowering the resistive vitality has undoubtedly been a causative factor in many deaths supposedly from snake bite that would otherwise not have occurred.—American Medicine.

Fatherly Finesse.

Father—I forbid you to allow that sapheaded Squidriggs to enter the house again!

Daughter—But I love him!

Father—I shall disinherit you! I shall shoot him! I shall—

Daughter—Boo-hoo-oo!

(Later.)

Father—Say, wife, be sure you double Gwendolyn's allowance today and give it to her early. I think she is going to elope with young Squidriggs tonight.—San Francisco Bulletin.

All the Difference.

Ticket Collector—No passenger in first class carriage with second class ticket!

—Your ticket is a second class, sir. You must pay the difference.

Passenger—The second class carriages were full.

Collector—Yes, but there was plenty of room third class.

Passenger—Quite so. Pay me the difference and I'll change.

Wanted a New One.

Sandy—I want to buy a necktie.

Shopman (showing some fashionable specimens)—Here is a tie that is very much worn.

Sandy—I don't want one that's very much worn. I want plenty o' them at home.—London Times.

Makes Good.

"That fellow makes mighty good money."

"Indeed!"

"Sure; he works in the mint."—Baltimore News.

Here is a point. Don't get angry because it is the common error in wrath to abuse the wrong person.—Athenian Globe.

Every base occupation makes one sharp in its practice, and dull in every other.—Sir Philip Sidney.

WHY NOSES POINT EAST.

A Theory Which is Plausible, but Rather Ridiculous.

Very few people's noses are set properly upon their faces. Any observant person who will go along the street and take notice of the nasal organ of the passerby may easily convince himself on the subject. Not one individual in a hundred, whether man or woman, is above criticism as to the arrangement of his or her nose.

One might think that nature is a little careless about this matter. When the nose turns off at an angle instead of assuming its just and proper attitude, it tends, at all events in extreme cases, to give a disordered effect to the features as a whole, but if nature really does not care which way a nose points there ought to be as many noses turned one way as are turned the other.

But is this the case? Not a bit of it. As you walk down the street look at the people as they go by, and you will discover that the noses of ninety-nine out of every hundred turn to the right.

When once you have begun to notice this fact, it will constantly attract your attention. In truth, the objection to starting in upon a study of this kind is that you cannot get away from it afterward. It haunts you steadily and persistently. Whenever you meet a friend you look at his nose to make sure whether it turns to the right or not.

Now, the phenomenon being as described, what is the reason behind it? Why should nearly everybody's nose turn to the right rather than to the left? There seems to be only one way to account for it, and that is that almost everybody is right handed and uses his handkerchief correspondingly; so from infancy to old age the nose in the process of being blown and wiped is persistently tweaked to the right; hence as the infant passes through childhood and later youth—when the nasal organ is flexible and in process of formation, so to speak—it is obliged gradually but surely to assume an inclination eastward.

If this theory be correct, the noses of left handed persons ought to turn customarily to the left. Such, in fact, appears to be the case, but data on this interesting branch of the question are not sufficiently complete to afford a final conclusion.—Saturday Evening Post.

FLOWER AND TREE.

Altheas show their Rose of Sharon flowers in August and September.

In setting out a tree the previous season's growth should be shortened one-third to three-fourths, according to the roots.

The golden coreopsis and the feathery shoots of the garden asparagus make a beautiful and artistic combination in a simple vase.

Watercress is good when the leaves are large. The size of the leaves indicates the amount of tissue—strengthening chlorophyll—in them.

The safest rule in pruning is to keep watch on the young trees and cut out any branch that seems to need removal while it is yet small enough to yield to the knife.

Trees that grow large tops, such as elms, silver maples, lindens, etc., should be planted forty-five feet apart in order to allow each tree room for expansion and prevent too much shade.

Plants of sweet william must be purchased for a new garden, as those grown from seed sown in the spring will not blossom until the spring following. Once started, however, they will continue year after year.

Black Sea Peculiarities.

The Black sea differs in a most remarkable manner from other seas and oceans. A surface current flows continuously from the Black sea into the Mediterranean and an under current from the Mediterranean into the Black sea. The latter current is salt, and, being heavier than the fresh water above, it remains stagnant at the bottom. Being saturated with sulphuretted hydrogen, this water will not maintain life, and so the Black sea contains no living inhabitants below the depth of about 100 fathoms. The deeper water when brought to the surface smells exactly like rotten eggs.

Has Been.

An Englishman went into a restaurant in a New England town and was served for his first course with a delicacy unknown to him, so he asked the waiter what it was, and the waiter replied:

"It's bean soup, sir," whereupon the Englishman in high indignation responded:

"I don't care what it's been; I want to know what it is!"—Philadelphia Times.

A Bostonese Definition.

Teacher—Have you ever heard of the "happy isles of Greece?"

Little Waldo—Yes, ma'am.

Teacher—Can you tell me something about them?

Little Waldo—They are pieces of pork entirely surrounded by beans.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Talent.

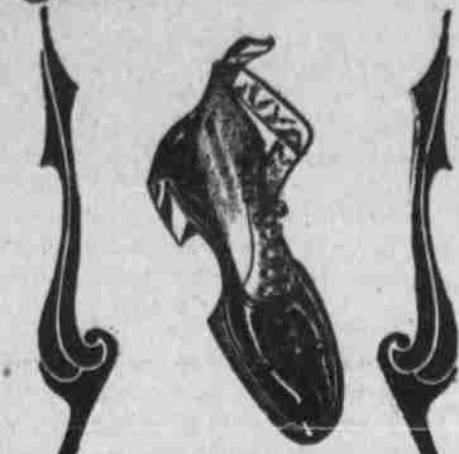
Talent is aptitude for a given line. In the old Bible significance it is power intrusted to one for a specific use. Everybody has some talent worth cultivating. The more we use what we originally have the greater becomes its value.—Ladies' Home Journal.

The man who tries to drown his sorrow in the flowing bowl must sooner or later discover that sorrow is amphibious.—Philadelphia Record.

Italy has fifty factories of chemical fertilizers.

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